

The Tide 41

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The early morning in the cemetery was very lively and quiet. The lively ones were the chirping of birds, and the quiet ones were the pedestrians who didn't pass by. There were no congested honks.

Today, Barron had been gone for an entire month, and Natalie had stayed in Adare Manor for an entire month.

Natalie placed a bouquet of flowers in front of the tombstone and took out a handkerchief and wet wipe from her pocket. She carefully wiped the dust off the tombstone. The surroundings of the tombstone were very clean.

Natalie was very satisfied. Barron loved cleanliness the most. He always swept the front of the courtyard clean.

From the day Barron was buried, Natalie found the cemetery's administrator and gave him another sum of money every month. She asked him to help clean the surroundings of Barron's tombstone every day. It seemed that the money was very effective, and it was indeed very clean.

After doing a series of actions, Natalie sat on the edge of the tombstone without feeling dirty at all.

Natalie leaned her head against the tombstone as if she was snuggling with Barron. At this moment, she was at her most relaxed. "Grandpa, are you okay?"

"Let me tell you. I've been living in Adare Manor for a month. Did you not remember the time? You definitely didn't remember. Otherwise, why didn't you visit me in my dreams? They treated me quite well. You must have arranged the best for me. You can rest assured now. Also, I angered your son to death. He knew that you had given me all your assets and asked me for them. I didn't give them to him. You can't say that I'm heartless. You gave them to me yourself. Besides, I'm unwilling to give them to him.

"Grandpa, let me tell you another secret. I seem to be getting used to Trevon. He's the husband you chose for me. Do you think this is a good thing or a bad thing?" It should be a bad thing.

Natalie was a sensitive person. From the moment she started looking for Trevon this morning, she knew that her state of mind had changed.

However, she did not want to tell Sherri about this because Trevon did not like her. They were going to get a divorce in two months.

Natalie wanted to leave freely.

Natalie leaned against the tombstone and chatted for more than an hour. She slowly got up and bowed to the tombstone reluctantly. "Grandpa, I'm leaving. I'll come and see you next time."

The moment Natalie turned around, the tears hidden in her eyes fell.

Hackett followed the Blackwell family to Henry's tombstone early in the morning. Today was the anniversary of Henry's death.

The Blackwell family had a rule. On the anniversary of Henry's death, all the juniors, regardless of whether they were overseas or domestically, had to rush back.

After cleaning the tombstone, the group of people walked out of the cemetery at the same time as Natalie.

Hackett caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. When Hackett saw the person's face clearly, he was very surprised.

Hackett was stunned for a moment.

The pretty woman beside him frowned. "Does this woman want to die? Why is she driving so fast?"

Hackett rebuked her cousin, Mia. "Don't judge anyone subjectively."

Mia had decided to come back after receiving a message last night. In the past, she would find a good excuse not to come back on this day. According to the Blackwell family's rules, Mia had to come back. After all, she was Henry's most beloved granddaughter.

Exceptions were normal.

Mia was wearing a black knitted dress and a pair of high heels. "Hackett, do you know that woman just now?"

Hackett ignored Mia and walked away. He did not like this so-called cousin of his.

However, they were relatives, and she was Hackett's uncle's daughter. He had to maintain a good relationship with her on the surface.

Mia pouted in dissatisfaction. Ever since she was young, she knew

Hackett disliked her very much. Hackett even treated his neighbor better than her.

However, it did not matter. Mia did not come back this time to repair her relationship with Hackett. It did not matter if it was good or not. She wanted to start over....

At the foot of the mountain, Hackett turned around and said to his parents, "Dad, Mom, I'll go to the office first. I have a meeting in the morning."

Nathan Blackwell and Joy gestured for Hackett to go quickly. Work was more important.

After getting into the car, Hackett started the engine and called Trevon with his Bluetooth earpiece. "What are you doing, Mr. Wilson?" His tone was a little teasing.

The man's voice came from the other end of the line. Trevon didn't want to talk nonsense with Hackett. "You have recovered?"

Hackett turned the steering wheel with one hand and glanced at the rearview mirror. "Trevon, I still feel pain all over my body today. I held on for the entire morning so that my parents wouldn't notice. Otherwise, my mom would definitely settle scores with you."

"Are you sure after your mom knows why I hit you, will she be here to get even with me, or will she go home and slap you?"

Hackett was speechless. Trevon still remembered it.

If Joy found out that Hackett was courting Trevon's wife, he would definitely be punished. It would be even worse.

"Do you want to listen to two things?"

"If you have something, say it quickly. I don't have time to bullshit with you."

Hackett could not catch his breath. "Mr. Wilson, what's wrong? Don't tell me Mrs. Wilson didn't satisfy you last night? You are so hot-tempered."

Trevon was speechless.

To prevent Trevon from getting really angry, Hackett hurriedly said, "I saw Mrs. Wilson when I was visiting my grandpa's grave this morning. She should be here to see Mr. Barron. Mrs. Wilson's back view looked a

little lonely and depressed."

Trevon's typing hand paused. This woman went to the cemetery in the morning? She had to be on duty at night. Today was not a special day. Why did she go to the cemetery?

Was she in a bad mood?

Without getting an answer, Hackett even thought that the call had ended. Because it was silent, he called out tentatively, "Mr. Wilson, are you listening?"

"Yes."

Hackett was speechless. Why didn't Trevon say something since he didn't hang up? "There's one more thing. Mia is back..."

Trevon returned to his usual coldness. "What does it have to do with me?"

Hackett reminded Trevon again, "What do you think? She doesn't know that you're already married. She hasn't come back for so many years. She's probably back this time because of you. I think Mrs. Wilson is quite good. If you really don't like her, don't hurt her."

"You're quite protective of her. She won't have a chance. As soon as Trevon finished speaking, the call was ended.

Hackett was dumbfounded. Who was Trevon talking about who didn't have a chance?

It was boring to drive alone. It would take an hour to get from the cemetery to the company, and it was so congested. Hackett was so bored that he wanted to chat with Frank. The call went through. "Mr. Roberts, you're still sleeping. You don't have a woman. Why do you sleep so much every day?"

Frank replied, "To nourish the kidney."

Hackett couldn't help but roll his eyes. Who did Frank say with a bad kidney?

Hackett did not care about what Frank meant. "Let's analyze something together. I saw Mrs. Wilson at the cemetery this morning. My heart aches. when I see her come alone to visit her grandfather's grave. It's not easy. Mr. Wilson really doesn't have any pity for her. How could he let Mrs. Wilson come alone?" Hackett didn't care if Frank liked to hear or not and just kept talking.

"Don't get yourself killed."

"I didn't. Don't tell me you didn't feel anything when you saw such a woman come to such a sad place alone? Also, Mia is back. I just told Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson said she didn't have a chance. Do you think he said. that Mrs. Wilson didn't have a chance or that Mia didn't have a chance?"

Frank pinched the space between his eyebrows and sat up. "Don't focus. on Natalie. Whether she is pitiful or will suffer, Trevon didn't say anything. Don't get involved." It was rare for Frank to say so much.

Although Frank could tell that Trevon's attitude toward Natalie was different, he knew Trevon's personality. Trevon was not easy to control and was very arrogant. Hence, Frank could not be 100% sure about what would happen in two months. It could only be determined by the people involved. The onlookers could not interfere too much, even if they were best friends.

"I'm not involved. Then who do you think Mr. Wilson is talking about by having no chance?" Hackett continued asking.

"Think for yourself. I will hang up."

Hackett, who didn't get an answer, hung up and scolded Frank.

Hackett shouldn't have called Frank. Why did he expect an answer from Frank? This person was just like Trevon. He was tight-lipped and scheming.

It was harder than ascending to the heavens to get an answer from Frank. It was because Hackett was too free that he called Frank.

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"Chain crash on the highway in Athana."

"The truck driver was tired driving, causing six cars to crash in a row. The scene of the accident was abnormally serious."

"The collision on the highway caused countless deaths and injuries, and the cars on the side were all implicated."

Current news was broadcasted in the hospital lobby. The entire hospital fell into a heavy and sad state. Everyone looked at this scene sadly.

The hospital dean had called for an emergency meeting. He had just received a call from his superior asking him to send doctors from various departments to provide support on the spot.

Natalie, who was cooking at home, received a call from the department director. "Okay, I'll leave immediately."

It was unknown what the director was talking about, but Natalie turned off the fire, grabbed her keys and phone, and set off quickly.

The department director and the dean both agreed with Natalie. Although she didn't have a job title now, she was a talent that the dean had taken a fancy to from Athana Medical University. As soon as she graduated, the dean asked her to work at the hospital from the principal. It had always been the dean who had raised her personally. They agreed with her hard work, professionalism, and reaction speed.

For such a large-scale car accident scene, the doctors with a good mentality and quick reaction were the most needed. It was a matter of life and death.

This was why the hospital dean and the director requested Natalie to rush to the first scene to perform the emergency treatment.

Sherri had also received a call and was trying her best to rush over. During this period, Sherri called Natalie three times, but no one answered. She had guessed that Natalie had also been chosen.

When Natalie arrived at the scene, the surroundings of the highway accident had already been sealed off. What she saw was a bloody scene. It was a mess. Constant cries and screams entered the nervous system.

The car in front of the truck was the worst. As a sandwich, the body of

the car had been squeezed until it was completely shapeless. The front end of the car had been scrapped. The driver was a middle-aged man. Fortunately, he was the only one in the car.

There were no ambulances at the scene, and the roads were congested. Even if there was a green passage, it was not as fast as Natalie's

motorcycle.

Natalie was smart enough to go to the hospital to get the first aid kit before coming.

Natalie calmly walked to the car. The police had already dragged out the people at the scene of the car accident and were waiting for the doctors.

Natalie showed her work pass to the police, who were maintaining order, before she was let enter the cordon.

The expected ambulance arrived about ten minutes later than Natalie, and that was already the fastest it could go.

Wearing a white coat, Natalie walked toward the car with the worst accident like a savior. "All family members, disperse. I'm a doctor. Could you let me examine him?"

When they heard she was the doctor, the onlookers consciously moved aside and said, "The doctor is here. The doctor is here."

The owner of the car, who was like a sandwich, was covered in blood. His black sweater was already wet. First, Natalie checked the patient's breathing and found that it was very weak. The next second, the

patient's actions were within her expectations. His heartbeat and breathing stopped. Natalie appeared calm and collected as she skillfully performed CPR on the patient.

Natalie did 28 CPRs for the patient. Her body was already drenched in sweat. She stood up weakly and signaled for the ambulance to carry the patient into the car. The patient's heart was already beating.

However, this scene was captured by the reporters the entire time. Natalie's face undoubtedly appeared on the live broadcast account, which was broadcasting every detail of the rescue in real time.

The reporter followed her line of sight and turned the camera. Natalie walked to the next patient without resting for a minute. This time, it was a patient with bleeding in the brain. She professionally used pressure to stop the bleeding and quickly got someone to carry the patient on a stretcher.

Natalie saved the patients one after another. After dealing with each of her patients, she finally handed them over to the ambulance before turning around to save the next one.

In the Secretary department in the Wilson Group.

A secretary wiped her tears and cried, "It's too touching. I can't take it anymore."

"What's wrong? What are you doing? Your makeup is ruined."

The secretary handed her phone to another secretary and saw a live broadcast of a car accident. It was a live broadcast of the official website's news.

"Oh my god, this doctor is so beautiful. She's really amazing. I feel that she and that doctor with brown curly hair work hard the most."

The two of them were secretly discussing the doctors on the live stream when their phone was taken away by an unknown hand.

Jim watched the live broadcast and was very shocked. Natalie was actually saving people on the live stream. Below, there were all people who cheered for her.

"Put your phone away and work hard. This is the second time. If Mr. Wilson finds out about you guys the next time, you don't have to come to work."

The serious Jim frightened the two new secretaries. They quickly put away their phones and went to work seriously.

Jim pushed the door open and entered the office. He placed his phone in front of Trevon.

"Mrs. Wilson seems to be popular. It's on the trending topics."

Trevon's gaze shifted from the computer email to the woman in the video, who was already exhausted. The white coat on her body was already dyed red with blood. There was not a single spot of white or flawlessness. There was no trace of a smile on her exquisite face as she busied herself saving people.

Trevon did not look up. His eyes were fixed on the video. "What's going

on?"

Jim told Trevon the truth. "There were six consecutive collisions due to a truck driver's fatigue on the highway in Athana. It's on live news broadcasts and trending topics. I reckon two-thirds of the people are watching this live broadcast." Jim wanted to say that Natalie was really awesome. She was worthy of being his idol.

The man turned on the office's oversized television and pressed the news channel. Then, he opened the Twitter on his phone.

There were all kinds of hashtags, "the most beautiful doctor on the highway", "the beautiful doctor at the Athana Hospital", "the beautiful and kind doctor on the highway", "the Athana Hospital sent doctors to save people", and "the Athana Hospital sent doctors to save people".

There were many comments below.

"Oh my god, the doctor is so beautiful. She's really serious about saving people. This is the doctor and celebrity we should be fans of."

"I agree with the commenter above. I just saw the news about a dancer returning to the country. What's so strange about that? A doctor contributes much better than a dancer. Anyway, I'm a fan of this doctor."

"I want to know which department she's from. I realized that I liked her very much. I'll look for her when I see a doctor in the future."

"Yes, me too. I must visit her another day. She's really beautiful, and her medical skills are good."

"I'm a doctor. I also admire such a young lady for being able to save people so calmly at such a large-scale car accident."

There were also tens of thousands of comments below. They were basically all about Natalie. They were all praises and admiration.

Jim found that Trevon's face was very gloomy when he saw Twitter. "Mr. Wilson, what happened?"

Trevon looked up. His eyes were filled with coldness. "How long has she been resuscitating the patients?" He remembered that she was on the night shift today. Hackett had called him early in the morning, and at that time, Natalie was already at the cemetery. Now, she was at the scene of the car accident. Was this person made of iron?

"Almost two hours."

In other words, Natalie had been resuscitating the patients for two hours.

No wonder she looked so tired. But she still insisted on staying at the first scene.

Trevon's gaze never left Natalie after he finished reading Twitter's

hashtags. The dirt on the woman's clothes did not affect her beauty at all. The calmness on her face came from her bones.

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At the Athana Hospital.

Natalie, Sherri, and other doctors who had been resuscitating the patients on the highway for more than two hours drove back to the hospital without stopping to support the resuscitation work in the operating theater.

It was not until 12:30 p.m. that all the resuscitation efforts ended. None of the patients died. The minor cases were transferred to normal wards, and the major cases were observed in the ICU. This made Natalie's tense heart relax.

As soon as Sherri walked out of the operating theater, she and Natalie collapsed on the ground. "Natalie, I feel like I'm going to die. I can't even raise my hands. My legs are trembling like a parkinsonism patient's."

Natalie was not any better. She woke up very early in the morning and was called over without catching up on her sleep. She said weakly, "I'm not much better either. I'm about to starve to death. Let me rest for a

while more. Let's take a taxi home later."

Natalie didn't want to take up any more medical resources. She really didn't have the strength to drive her motorcycle anymore.

Sherri sighed. She rolled her eyes and looked at the lights above her head. She was in a half-dead state. "We definitely have to take a taxi. I can't step on the accelerator. I don't even have the strength to call the driver now. We'll get the security guard to hail the taxi later and pay the money. Let's pay it back tomorrow. Fortunately, we are resting tomorrow."

"Are you crazy? Get the security guard to pay. No matter how, you have to pay before you die. I don't want to chat with you anymore. I'm so tired. I just want to lie down now."

They had to pay for this themselves.

The security guard helped the two of them take two taxis home. They were so tired that they did not say a word while waiting for the car.

At 1 a.m., one of the lights in the Wilson Group Building was still on.

Jim stood at the side, feeling miserable. He could have gotten off work earlier, but Trevon insisted on finishing all the work tomorrow ahead of time tonight.

It was already one o'clock in the morning.

As Jim complained, the man looked up and began to organize the documents in his hand. "That's enough. Let's go back."

Jim was like winning the lottery. He quickly sorted out all the information and went downstairs to drive Trevon to Adare Manor.

A minute before Trevon got out of the car, he said coldly, "You don't have to pick me up tomorrow."

"Alright, do you want to accompany Mrs. Wilson?" Now, Jim understood. It turned out that Trevon worked overtime at night because he wanted to take time out to accompany Natalie tomorrow.

It was time to accompany Natalie. She was so noble and hardworking.

Trevon's cold gaze made Jim shut up. Jim quickly stepped on the accelerator and left.

Trevon walked into the villa.

The lights in the guest hall were dim, and only the one on the porch was on. Trevon was suspicious. Did Natalie not come back?

There was a faint sound of breathing in the quiet living room. Looking for the source of the sound, Trevon realized that this woman was actually sleeping on the sofa on such a cold day without anything covering her.

Trevon looked down and saw that her white down jacket and jeans were covered in blood. Natalie's face and forehead were also covered in blood. How tired was she? She fell asleep without taking a shower, even though she was so dirty.

Was Natalie so tired that she did not want to move at all?

How sloppy.

However, when Trevon saw this scene, a certain part of his chest trembled. His heart ached, and he felt an indescribable pain.

Trevon's heart ached for this woman.

Trevon, who had always been a clean freak, frowned and walked to Natalie's side. He gently put his hand through her back and one hand through the crook of her leg. He carried her to his knee and took off her

coat. He threw it on the ground and gently carried her upstairs by the waist.

The woman slept very soundly and was already in a deep sleep. After such a long time, she showed no signs of waking up. She was very peaceful in her sleep.

Trevon went straight upstairs and walked to the guest room. He walked to the bed and placed her on it. He took off his suit and rolled up his sleeves. He went to the bathroom to get a basin of warm water and gently wiped the bloodstains on her face. From beginning to end, he did not miss anything.

Trevon looked up at the woman. Seeing that she was sleeping soundly, he took off her jeans. In an instant, her fair and slender legs blocked his eyes, and the heat in his body followed.

Trevon's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and his lower abdomen was a little tight.

Trevon quickly turned his head and avoided looking at Natalie. He stood up and went to the wardrobe to get a change of clothes for her to change into. He tucked her in and covered her fair legs.

After everything was done, the woman was still sleeping quietly, but Trevon was already exhausted. He turned around and went to the master bedroom to take a shower.

Half an hour later.

After showering, Trevon returned to the guest room to take a look at the exhausted woman who was still rushing to the front line.

With some heartache, Trevon touched her forehead dotingly and gently closed the door.

Early the next morning.

Trevon was still in bed. Today was the first time in 28 years that he had slept in.

Suddenly, Trevon's phone vibrated and buzzed non-stop. He closed his eyes and reached out his slender hand to grab the phone.

His sleepy voice sounded especially low and hoarse. "Hello." Trevon did not look at the caller ID.

"Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson is on the trending topics. She has been in the headlines since last night. Why don't you think of a way to remove them?" Hackett, who was popular among women, understood the disadvantage of staying at the top of the trending topics for a long time.

It was a double-edged sword.

It could also be said that for Natalie, the disadvantages outweighed the benefits.

When one was popular, there would be more trouble.

Trevon opened his eyes sleepily and turned on the indoor air conditioner. The temperature was set to 82.4 °F. Then he sat up and leaned against the back of the bed.

Trevon's voice was low and hoarse. "Why do I have to remove them?" Could it be that Hackett felt that Trevon couldn't protect Natalie?

"Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson isn't you. She works in the hospital. Wherever there are women, there will be a lot of trouble. Women are always jealous. Are you sure you don't want to help Mrs. Wilson settle it? Besides, doesn't Mrs. Wilson like to keep a low profile? This incident was too high-profile. Are you sure you don't want to help..."

Trevon lit a cigarette slowly and put it between his lips. "Do I need to do so? Do you know her very well and still haven't given up?"

Hackett was speechless. His good intentions were misunderstood into ill intentions.

"Mr. Wilson, you can't slander me. I'm just being kind, okay? I..."

The dial tone interrupted what Hackett wanted to say. Hackett angrily took out his phone from his ear and looked at it. Sure enough, this man had hung up on Hackett.

Then, Hackett discovered Trevon was still in bed at this time, and it was even 8:30 am. This was a huge discovery. Could it be that Trevon was angry because Hackett had interrupted his adult game with Natalie this morning?

It must be like this.

Trevon had no idea that Hackett was imagining the reason why he woke up late.

After hanging up, Trevon did not feel embarrassed at all. After smoking a cigarette, he stubbed out the cigarette and pressed it against the ashtray by the bed. Trevon sat up lazily and sent a message to Frank. Trevon did not care what Frank was doing and texted directly. [Remove all the trending topics about her on the Internet.]

On the other end of the phone, Frank was not surprised by Trevon's actions. He also knew who Trevon was talking about. [Are you worried about her?]

[Cut the crap. Hurry up.]

However, Frank wanted to confirm. [Trevon, have you fallen in love with her?] Frank was very sharp. Trevon, who Frank knew, would never be worried about any woman. Even toward Mia in the past, Trevon had never been so worried.

Trevon resolutely retorted. [Do you think I'm blind to fall in love with a scheming woman?]

Frank smiled. [Okay, it's quite good. Mr. Wilson, I hope you can continue to maintain this awareness. Don't let me see the day you embarrass yourself.]

The scheming Frank even stored this chat screenshot.

Trevon was speechless.

At 1.30 pm, the strong and fierce light shone through the gaps in the curtains and into the head of the bed, shaking the person on the bed. She stretched out her fair arm to cover her eyes.

Natalie habitually checked the time on her phone.

Natalie really exhausted herself yesterday.

When Natalie saw the sleeve of her pajamas, her mind went blank. What was going on?

Natalie hurriedly sat up and lifted the blanket to check the changes on her body. A set of pajamas?

Natalie was stunned for a moment. She remembered that the moment she got home last night, she took off her shoes and did not even have the strength to go upstairs. She just wanted to rest on the sofa before going upstairs.

Why was Natalie sleeping on the bed? Then who changed her clothes? Was it Trevon?

It couldn't be, right? There were ten thousand questions waiting to be answered.

Natalie immediately got out of bed, took her clothes, and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

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After washing up, Natalie prepared to go downstairs to make something to eat.

Natalie could ask Jim later.

Natalie stopped walking down the stairs. A figure that could not be ignored suddenly caught her eye, and she was stunned.

The man's gaze turned to the staircase from the moment Natalie opened the door.

Their eyes met, and their emotions were unclear.

Trevon broke the stalemate first. "You're awake. You slept quite long. If you don't wake up, I'm going to poke your nose to test if you die."

Natalie's awkward heart calmed down a little when she heard Trevon's teasing. She walked down the stairs in her slippers. "Are you afraid that I'll die at your house? Aren't you going to work today?"

It was almost 2 pm, and this person was still at home. It was a little strange. Natalie really suspected that the Wilson Group was about to go broke.

Trevon, who had no idea what this woman was thinking, flipped through the magazine as if nothing had happened. "Let's go back to the Wilson's residence for dinner tonight. Dad is back."

"So I'm going back tonight too?"

"What do you think? If I go back alone, will Grandpa let me go?"

Natalie couldn't help but roll her eyes. Didn't Trevon always go back alone before? Every time, he came back unscathed.

Seeing that the woman was silent, Trevon raised his head slightly and gestured to the kitchen. "The food is in the kitchen. Go eat by yourself."

"Have you eaten?"

"Do you think you are so important that I will starve until now and wait for you to have a meal?"

Natalie did not want to talk to Trevon anymore. No matter how much she talked to him, nothing good would come out of his mouth.

At this moment, Natalie had completely forgotten what had happened in the morning.

Natalie was really famished. Last night, she was so tired and hungry that she fell asleep. She did not even want to move her fingers. She had slept for 12 hours, which was equivalent to being hungry for a day and a night. She did not eat lunch or dinner yesterday. She slept perfectly and missed breakfast in the morning.

Natalie walked to the kitchen without hesitation and opened the thermal cover on the dining table. The smell of the meal wafted into her nose. Without a word, she sat down and started eating.

A mouthful of soup was too satisfying. It was quite delicious.

From the moment Natalie entered the kitchen, Trevon's gaze followed her in. When Trevon saw the woman's satisfied look, he could not help but smile. Just a small matter could make Natalie satisfied..

After eating for a while, Natalie was a little full, and her mind was online. She looked around the living room and realized that the clothes she had changed out of were gone. Natalie had just bought that white down jacket. It was the second time she had worn it yesterday.

Natalie wanted to ask but was hesitant. But after hesitating for a while, she swallowed a mouthful of food and asked, "Where are my clothes from yesterday?"

The moment Natalie saw this man sitting on the sofa, she understood that he was the one who had changed her clothes last night. There was no one else in the villa. Moreover, it was already almost one o'clock in the morning when she returned last night. It was unrealistic for Trevon to help her find a nanny at that time.

That was why Natalie stood at the staircase awkwardly. However, Trevon had helped her and did not do anything to her. Natalie could not interrogate him.

Trevon was calm and composed, but his tone was a little colder as if he had done something normal. "I throw them away."

Natalie hurriedly swallowed the food in her mouth. She subconsciously raised her voice at Trevon. "You threw away my down jacket, pants, and shoes?"

Natalie asked in disbelief. Wouldn't it be fine to wash them? It was just

The man sensed that this woman was blaming him and felt very uncomfortable. Not only did she not thank him, but she also blamed him for throwing her clothes. She did not know that he had been busy until 3 am last night and had taken two cold showers before going to bed at about 5 am. At 8.30 am, he was woken up by a call from Hackett.

Trevon's anger rose, and his words became unfriendly. "Why not throw them away? Are you going to keep them as the family heirloom?"

Seeing that the woman was staring at him with wide eyes, Trevon was even more dissatisfied with her performance. What a heartless woman. "I'll compensate you for how much they cost, pants, clothes, and shoes."

Natalie realized that her attitude was a little bad. She was a little agitated just now. She licked her dry lips and said, "So be it. Thank you for last night."

After saying that, Natalie lowered her head shyly. After all, she was a woman. She still felt embarrassed to be naked under a man's gaze.

Natalie's sound was very soft, like a bee buzzing into Trevon's ears. It was like a feather brushing against his heart, itchy and soft.

When Trevon, who was in a bad mood, saw how shy Natalie was, his mood instantly turned better.

“You’re welcome. Don’t you blame me for seeing you naked and call me a pervert?” Trevon was saying these on purpose. The shyer Natalie was, the more Trevon wanted to say it.

Natalie stopped eating and pinched her fork. “I’m not that ungrateful.”

Natalie could differentiate right from wrong. Trevon was kind last night, and he didn’t do anything to her. Why was she being pretentious?

The man said coldly, “There’s no need to think so much. I’m not interested in you. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have been unharmed last night. Pack up after the lunch. Jim will send clothes over later.”

Trevon went upstairs with a dark expression, not giving Natalie an extra look.

Natalie suddenly lost the mood to eat. The remaining food on the dining table was no longer delicious. This meal was prepared by the new chef of Grand Manor. She had already known it with the first bite.

Natalie turned on her phone and searched for Grand Manor. She entered the webpage and entered the menu of the details’ introduction. Natalie searched for the prices of the dishes on the table and recorded them one by one.

The sausage cost 200 dollars. Oyster and Corn Chowder cost 720 dollars. Eggplant Meatballs cost 177.6 dollars. Grilled Yellowtail cost 2400 dollars. Mousse Cake cost 52 dollars.

Hence, Natalie had spent several months of her salary on a meal. He must be crazy.

Enduring it, Natalie transferred Trevon 3549.6 on WhatsApp.

This was the most expensive lunch Natalie had eaten in 23 years. Trevon had made it very clear that he was not interested in her. He would not be interested even if she stripped naked. Didn’t that mean that Trevon was telling Natalie not to let her imagination run wild?

It was time to retract the ripples and remind Natalie to be clear again.

However, after transferring the money, Natalie still felt it was too luxurious.

Trevon, who was upstairs, wasn’t in a good mood either. He was sitting on the sofa smoking a cigarette. This was already the second cigarette, but the smell of nicotine still couldn’t suppress his impatience.

The phone on the table rang. It was a transfer message.

The moment Trevon saw the message, the gloominess in his heart intensified. Natalie was drawing a clear line and not taking any advantage. She must have gone to search for the dishes’ price. She was really smart.

Natalie could even pay according to the online price. Trevon really had to praise her intelligence.

Natalie’s action of wanting to draw a clear line angered Trevon. Trevon held his breath and typed a line of words on the chat interface. “How much are clothes, pants, and shoes?”

Natalie cleaned up the cutlery and sent Sherri messages on the sofa. Natalie wanted to know how she had provoked Trevon. It was one thing for him not to be interested in her but another thing to get along

harmoniously. After all, there were almost two months left. She could not possibly look at him with a gloomy face every day.

“Sherri, help me analyze something.” Sherri often watched idol dramas.

Even though she had never been in a relationship, Sherri was better than Natalie in the relationship.

Natalie thought that Sherri should be more insightful than her.

Sherri, who became excited due to new gossip, immediately replied, “Hurry up and say it.”

“Last night, I slept on the sofa, and Trevon carried me back to my room to change my clothes. Then, he bought me Grand Manor’s food in the afternoon. After that, he warned me not to have delusions. He was not interested in me and seemed to be a little angry. So, firstly, why was he angry? Secondly, did I provoke him in some way, or did I get too close to him, and he was afraid that I would pester him, so he came to warn me?”

Sherri was speechless for a moment.

“Did you say anything else?” According to the plot of the idol dramas that Sherri watched, it shouldn’t have developed like this. Logically speaking, the male lead’s actions were because he was interested in the female lead and subconsciously did it. Why did a warning suddenly appear?

Natalie thought for a moment and replied, “I asked about last night’s clothes. He said that he threw them away for me, but I just bought that set of clothes. Wouldn’t it be fine after washing them?”

Finding the source of the problem, Sherri said non-stop, “Natalie, do you know who Mr. Wilson is? It was already not bad for him to raise his noble hands to help you change your clothes. Do you think he would indulge you so much that he would help wash your bloody clothes? Or do you think he would leave them in that luxurious villa for you? Are you thinking too much? Or are you still sleepy? Let me tell you. He must have misunderstood you and thought that you were blaming him for helping you throw your clothes away. That must be it.”

“Is that so? But in the end, I thanked him and said that he didn’t have to compensate me.”

Sherri was helpless and sent Natalie some emoji to mock her.

No wonder Natalie had been single for 23 years.

Natalie was speechless. She had EQ, okay?

Originally, Natalie wanted to tell Sherri that she had transferred the

money to Trevon. Natalie was afraid that Sherri would be scared to death.

so he chose not to say it.

Natalie closed her chat history with Sherri and saw a new message. She opened it and saw that it was Trevon asking about the price of her clothes.

Natalie replied on the chat box, [You don’t have to give it to me. Thank you. I was just asking. I didn’t blame you for throwing it away.]

Upstairs, Trevon was not appeased by these words. He directly transferred 4 thousand dollars to her.

Trevon even sent a message. "Clean up the accounts."

Natalie's gaze was fixed on the message for a few seconds.

Natalie thought for a while and decided to accept it. "My clothes aren't as expensive as you think. Since you want to clear up the accounts, send me 576 dollars, 360 dollars for my down jacket, 100 dollars for my jeans, and 116 dollars for my shoes."

Next, a transfer of 3424 dollars was sent to Trevon.

Trevon, who was already angry, took out another cigarette and lit it. He placed his legs on the table and was so angry that even his hands were trembling.

This woman could even calculate 4 dollars. She really didn't take advantage of anyone at all. She had a backbone.

Well done.

Natalie wanted to leave in two months empty-handed.

[Chapter 45](#)

The black Maybach drove on the road of the Wilson's residence.

The atmosphere in the car was deathly silent. Neither of them looked happy, especially the man in the backseat who had not said a word. His face was dark and cold, and the air in the closed car was naturally cold.

Natalie leaned against the door and quietly looked at the retreating scenery.

The oppressive environment made Jim go crazy. From the looks of it, the two of them seemed to have quarreled?

So, did Natalie quarrel with Trevon? This was a good sign. At least the two of them were starting their daily lives.

The car soon arrived at the Wilson's residence.

The man did not give Natalie any good attitude. With just one look, she entered the Wilson's residence alone.

Natalie, who was stunned in the car, was speechless. She turned to Jim and said, "Mr. Hawk, is Mr. Wilson often crazy? Why does he often get angry?"

Natalie just went to him to discuss the clothes. Was there a need to be so angry? Did she really have to lower herself to coax him and apologize? Wasn't Trevon thinking too much?

Since Trevon thought he was a kid, he could play with himself quietly.

Natalie would not indulge Trevon's bad habit.

Jim turned his head sideways and faced Natalie. "So, Mrs. Wilson, why is Mr. Wilson angry?"

Natalie gave Jim a simple account of what happened in the afternoon. Of course, she didn't mention the change of clothes last night. She only talked about the price of lunch and the throwing of clothes.

Jim also didn't understand Trevon. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with Natalie's questions. Was there a need to be so angry?

Why did Jim feel that Trevon was a little wronged?

"Mrs. Wilson. Perhaps Mr. Wilson cares a little about you, so he was very

angry when he realized that you misunderstood him." This was Jim's first thought. If Trevon didn't care about a person, he wouldn't even bother to talk to him or her, even if they nagged in front of him for the entire day, let alone being angry with them.

Natalie quickly waved her hand. "Mr. Hawk, what are you thinking? Do you know what Mr. Wilson told me this morning? He said he's not interested in me and told me not to dream about it."

Jim was speechless. What did Trevon want to do? Jim didn't understand him.

Just as Natalie was about to get out of the car, Jim reminded her, "Mrs. Wilson, if Mr. Theo asks you to stay over tonight, you must stay. It's for the sake of Mr. Wilson. Because outsiders don't know that you're separated, and..." Jim didn't say about the agreement, but he knew that Natalie understood.

No matter how they resolved it in private, Jim hoped that Natalie would agree for the sake of Trevon. After all, it was not easy to live in this family. They could not let bad rumors spread.

"Are you sure he won't beat me out if I'm in the same room as him?"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Wilson. If it was arranged by the people from the Wilson's residence, Mr. Wilson wouldn't do that. He would consider the situation and help."

Natalie shrugged. It didn't matter. At most, one would sleep on the bed, and the other on the ground. She had countermeasures.

She had plenty of ways. Natalie nodded.

Trevon had already been in the house for five minutes, but the woman still didn't come in. His expression became even gloomier.

Just as Trevon looked up to look for the woman's gaze, he saw her entering the door with Jim. Jim, who was grinning, suddenly felt a sharp gaze and immediately retracted his smile, his back stiffening.

Oh my god, it would be finished.

Jim quickly distanced himself from Natalie and walked in one after another. Trevon's expression softened when he saw this scene.

Natalie sat beside Trevon quietly.

Upstairs, Theo and Trevon's father, Caleb Wilson, were talking about something when they walked downstairs to the sofa in the living room.

When Theo saw Natalie, a smile immediately appeared on his face. Even his eyes were smiling. "Natalie, come quickly. This is Trevon's dad. Hurry up and greet him."

When Natalie was called, she immediately stood up obediently and greeted Caleb. Caleb's personality was about the same as Trevon's. Caleb was a little cold and just nodded slightly.

While they were chatting, Ted's family came to the door. Unexpectedly, Max still brought Emily with him today.

Compared to the last time, this time, Emily's face was filled with confidence.

Ted's family sat opposite the Trevon's family.

Rachel came out of the kitchen, took out a plate of seasonal fruits, and placed it on the coffee table. Then, she sat down beside Caleb and covered his legs with a thick blanket.

Trevon lowered his body and asked Caleb, "Dad, have your legs gotten worse recently?"

Caleb's heart warmed. This cold-tempered son actually cared about him. "It's the same as before. Don't worry."

Trevon nodded slightly. He didn't show any expression, but his gaze was faintly on Natalie.

Max had been beaten up by his father, Ted, recently and restrained himself greatly. However, he was still secretly looking for that bastard to be behind it.

Max recalled that day when he came home from the bar and was drunk. It was already 2 am, but the living room was brightly lit. Ted and Peggy were waiting for him in the living room.

As soon as Max entered, a stick as thick as an arm hit him directly. It was so painful that he immediately woke up.

At that time, Ted threw a stack of documents on the ground without a word. Max looked at the women he had dealt with quickly and panicked.

Max couldn't think of anyone who was behind it.

Ted was so angry that he almost fainted. "Unfilial son, what else can you do other than fooling around all day? Look at you! Your grandpa still expects you to compete with Trevon. I think you don't have the chance at all. You can't even support yourself. Tell me what you've done. Just this alone is enough for you to go to jail."

Max was so frightened that his legs were trembling. He hurriedly asked for help, "Dad, save me. I didn't know that they were so weak. I was just joking with them. I'm not the only one. There are a few others. Dad, please save me."

Peggy was worried about Max. "Alright, that person didn't announce it. It's just a warning. Look at how scared you are. It's fine. Max, get up quickly."

"Let's see if he dares to stand up today. If he dares to stand up, I'll break his legs." As Ted spoke, he immediately swung the stick in his hand at Max, hitting him more than ten times.

"If you don't want to go to jail, I advise you to find a good woman to get married. Control yourself." Ted threw the stick away and went upstairs.

When Max recalled the scene that day, his heart was filled with panic. He swore that he would find that person and return all he suffered to him.

That person actually plotted against him in the back. They would wait and see.

Carlos said, "Natalie, you became famous yesterday."

Natalie, who was called out again, was dumbfounded. What was going on? She turned to ask Trevon and gently tugged at the corner of his shirt.

Trevon turned his head helplessly and whispered into Natalie's ear, "You became popular on the live broadcast yesterday."

Natalie was stunned for a moment. So, should she wear a mask when she went out now?

Theo was the happiest. Yesterday, he had watched the entire live broadcast and even called Mary, Gage, and the servants up to watch Natalie's rescue scene. Many of the younger and older servants cried.

Even Mary cried. At this moment, Theo was very happy to see Natalie. Even the servants of the Wilson's residence thought highly of Natalie. There was even a hint of admiration in their eyes.

Trevon took in the expressions of the people in the entire living room. This woman was quite capable.

"Mr. Carlos, that's my job. There's no such thing as being famous or not famous. I'm just doing what I should do. As for how others write and understand it, that's their thinking. It doesn't represent my thoughts."

Carlos said, "Natalie, it seems that you are very humble. You don't even admit that you are amazing."

Natalie did not like this kind of fake flattery. She pulled Trevon's hand and asked for help.

This was because Natalie was not sure about Carlos's personality. Natalie was afraid of offending Carlos with her personality. Before they came in, Jim had told Natalie to maintain Trevon's reputation well.

Besides, Trevon had been treating Natalie quite well recently. Natalie could not fall out with him for the next two months.

The man ignored the woman's actions behind him. "Grandpa Carlos, thank you. If my wife doesn't have any ability, I'm afraid she won't be able to enter the Wilson family. Grandpa, don't you think so?" Trevon looked at Theo and asked.

At this moment, Theo laughed out loud. "Of course. I chose Natalie. How is it? I have good taste, right?"

Caleb had never watched any live broadcasts, but Rachel had seen it before. At this moment, there was a rare smile on her face.

Perhaps it was because Natalie brought some glory for Trevon this time.

As a mother, Rachel definitely hoped that her daughter-in-law's doing would be beneficial to her son's reputation.

[Chapter 46](#)

The focus of the people in the entire living room was still on Natalie, just like the last time. Emily, who had always been ignored, felt uncomfortable.

"Natalie is not only good at saving people. She's very omnipotent. She's proficient in rock climbing, motorcycles, bungee jumping, smoking, and racing," Emily said sarcastically.

Upon hearing this praise, people in the entire living room fell silent.

The servants who had previously admired Natalie now had mixed feelings. How could a doctor's private life be so messy? She liked playing so much and even smoked? Was she a good doctor? They had different thoughts.

Natalie sneered in her heart. It had just started, yet Emily could not sit still anymore. She was too impatient.

A moment later, just as Natalie was about to speak, Trevon spoke first and stared at Emily. His tone was so cold that Emily kept shivering. "Miss, are you envious of my wife's hobbies?"

There was a hint of threat in Trevon's calm tone.

Anyone who heard this knew that Trevon was a little angry.

Natalie despised Emily in her heart. What a fool. Theo was just happy, and Emily suddenly embarrassed Natalie like this. Wasn't this indirectly saying that Theo didn't have good taste?

Emily haven't even married into the Wilson family yet, and she was already showing off in front of Trevon on her second trip.

At the very least, Natalie was Trevon's wife. But Emily actually wanted to defeat Natalie in such a hurry, and she did it so obviously. Emily was so stupid that Natalie didn't even want to talk to her.

Emily was such a fool.

Emily curled her hands on her knees and mustered her courage to say, "Mr. Wilson, I don't. I don't smoke and ride motorcycles."

What Emily meant was obvious. She emphasized she didn't do these useless things once again.

But Natalie did these things.

Natalie's lips curved into an ironic smile.

The man became even colder. He crossed his legs and leaned against the sofa. His hand casually wrapped around Natalie's shoulder, and they

hugged each other in front of others' eyes.

Anyone with a discerning eye could understand what Trevon meant.

Natalie was very cooperative and did not push Trevon away.

“Then I’m all ears. What do you know, Miss? Have you won the Nobel Prize in Literature or some international award? What major are you in at university?”

Max nudged the woman beside him. “Feel free to say it. Don’t you know a lot?”

Emily was quite angry. She knew nothing. She spent money to graduate from university.

Emily really did not have any ability. After she was brought back to the Foster family when she was eight years old, Elena doted on her and did not let her do anything, even when she was free. Emily had learned dancing and piano when she was young, but she could not persevere with her personality and did not have much perseverance. Every time after class, Emily would go home and cry. Elena was very worried, and she did not force her anymore. Elena thought that the Foster family would be Emily’s sooner or later.

Emily stammered, “I know how to play the piano and dance.”

For the first time, Trevon was aggressive toward a woman, forcing her no way to retreat. “Oh, is that so? What about your level? What awards have you won?”

“I’m too busy to take the exam.”

Even a dandy like Max felt a little embarrassed at this moment. He reached out and wiped his face.

Peggy glared at Emily and started to smooth things over. “Trevon, don’t argue with the young lady. She’s just speaking too quickly and spouting nonsense.”

Trevon did not answer Peggy’s question. Emily’s performance had already told everyone that she knew nothing.

Carlos suddenly caught a point. Natalie? Natalie? The Foster family?

“Natalie, Emily is your sister.” There was not much doubt in his words but more affirmation.

Other than Trevon, Rachel, and Theo, everyone else present turned around and scanned the two of them.

Caleb turned to look at his wife beside him. Rachel helped him straighten the blanket on his knees again and patted the back of his hand.

Natalie, who was called again, said calmly, “No, my mom just gave birth to me before she passed away.”

Max chuckled. He had thought that the two of them had similar names last time. It turned out that he had not guessed wrongly. It was just that the difference in their looks at that time was too great that he had dismissed this thought.

“So, you’re half-sisters. What a coincidence.”

Emily was glad that this woman did not expose the fact that her mother was a mistress. Trevon's attitude just now had already frightened Emily a little. Emily did not dare to cause trouble anymore.

Emily looked up pitifully and said to Natalie, "Natalie, I'm sorry. I spoke too quickly just now."

Emily had just refused to acknowledge Natalie, and now she was apologizing humbly. If Natalie ignored Emily, it would seem like Natalie had always bullied Emily.

Natalie didn't like to show her weak side in front of everyone. If so, she felt as if she was being stripped naked and admired.

Natalie thought she was calm, and she did not feel uncomfortable, but it was only now that she realized that her previous thoughts were wrong. When someone touched a certain part of her heart, her heart would still ache.

Trevon noticed the change in the woman beside him. He reached out his slender hand to find her small hand, held it in his palm, and kneaded it. Natalie looked up and met Trevon's gentle eyes. Natalie had the illusion. that he was feeling sorry for her.

Just as Natalie was about to speak, Rachel beat her to it this time. "Miss Foster, why didn't you say that Natalie was your sister the last time? Is there anything that can't be explained in it?"

Rachel did not ask why Natalie did not say it. This was very clear why.

The man lay back on the sofa again, waiting for Emily's answer.

Rachel was quite powerful. With her help, Trevon had already guessed the outcome.

Emily was nervous. She tugged at the corner of Max's shirt. "Natalie. doesn't like me very much. I'm afraid she won't acknowledge me."

Rachel glanced at Natalie, who was being hugged by Trevon. "You don't like her? What's the reason?"

Natalie smiled. "We're not related by blood."

Rachel turned to Emily again. "Miss Foster, Natalie said that you are not related by blood. Can you explain why you think you are related by blood?"

Natalie didn't expect Rachel, who didn't like her, to help her on such an occasion. It would be a lie to say that Natalie wasn't touched.

Natalie had been bullied in school since she was young. Other than Sherri and Edward protecting her, no one else protected her.

A part of Natalie's heart felt warm.

Just as Sherri had said, Rachel was very impressive.

Emily replied, "Although our mothers are not the same, we have the same father. This is related by blood."

Rachel nodded. "Okay, it seems that your logic is correct, Miss Foster. But I have a question. Please answer. Since you have the same father, why did you grow up with your father while Natalie grew up with Mr. Barron?"

This question was very sharp.

Ever since Trevon called her in the middle of the night, Rachel had gotten someone to investigate Natalie. The information showed that it was perfect. It was indeed as Theo had said. Natalie was not inferior to the young ladies of wealthy families. However, Natalie's background was pitiful. After all, Rachel was also a woman, so she felt sorry for Natalie.

However, Natalie's behavior was not something Rachel could accept. Rachel still had to train her.

Yesterday, the entire family sat in the living room and was ordered by Theo to watch the entire live broadcast before they could get busy. Rachel could only sit there and watch it.

Natalie's calmness and decisiveness were very similar to Rachel's. Rachel was very satisfied with this. Even if Rachel chose a noble young lady of an aristocratic family, she might not be so calm and composed.

However, it was one thing for Rachel to be dissatisfied with Natalie. But if others bullied Natalie, it would be a slap to her and Trevon's faces. Rachel would teach Emily a lesson.

Rachel, who had always refused to admit defeat, had such a personality.

"That's because... because..." Emily couldn't say anything.

Emily couldn't say that Barron couldn't accept her mother's identity.

Without waiting for Emily to say anything, Rachel attacked again. "As far as I know, Miss Foster, you returned to the Foster family when you were eight years old. There's a difference of two years between you and Natalie. Then how can you be half-sisters, or..."

Emily hurriedly interrupted, "Even if he's not my biological father, my mother is married to him, and he is my father."

Rachel pretended to have an understanding expression. "Oh, so that's how it is. In that case, it's not wrong for Natalie to not acknowledge you. In reality, you are indeed not related by blood. However,

Miss Foster, you don't have a full understanding of the superficial and deep meaning of the blood relation. Natalie is a doctor. Do you need her to spend some effort to explain it, Miss Foster?" Rachel raised her voice at the last few words.

Rachel's deeper meaning was to scold Emily for being illiterate.

However, Natalie and the others could tell that if Emily retorted that she was Harry's biological daughter, it would indicate that she admitted she was an illegitimate daughter. Emily could only say that she was a burden. and not Harry's biological daughter.

Rachel was really amazing.

The expression on Emily's face was unusually colorful. Even the thick

foundation could not hide the paleness on her face.

Emily kept rejecting Rachel and saying no need.

At the dining table, Natalie sat next to Rachel and said softly to her, "Thank you, Mrs. Wilson."

This sentence came from the bottom of Natalie's heart.

"I'm helping you to save Trevone's reputation, but it doesn't mean that I'm satisfied with you."

"I know."

[Chapter 47](#)

At the dining table.

Everyone had different thoughts as they ate.

Theo suddenly suggested with a smile on his face. "Natalie, do you think you can stay and accompany me today? Our family is full of males, and I don't have any granddaughters."

Trevon's eating slowed down a little. There was no change in his expression, but his ears were waiting for Natalie's answer.

Natalie, who had been called out countless times at night, felt a little stifled. With so many people here, if she refused Theo, they would laugh at the Wilson family. Rachel had even helped Natalie just now. Natalie could only agree. "Alright, Grandpa. I'll play chess with you after dinner."

This made Theo happy. "Hey, okay. Natalie is so good. Look at how long it's been since you guys played chess with me."

After saying that, Theo even snorted to express his dissatisfaction.

Trevon was in an unusually carefree mood and ate much faster.

Carlos said enviously, "Trevon, you're so lucky to have found such a good wife. Why don't you arrange one for me too?"

Emily, who was sitting at the side, cursed Carlos thousands of times. Emily wanted Natalie dead, but Natalie was still here.

Max felt Emily pinching his waist and interrupted his grandfather. "Grandpa, what are you doing? Isn't my girlfriend here? What are you looking for?"

Carlos ignored Max completely, blaming him for being brainless. "Is a girlfriend like a wife? I'm asking Theo to find a wife for you. Don't you want a wife as good as your sister-in-law, Natalie?"

Max thought to himself, "Of course I do. I miss Natalie so much that I'm going crazy. I can even dream of Natalie at night. Unfortunately, I've been taught a lesson recently, and I can only restrain myself for the time being."

Coupled with the fact that Emily was good at having sex, every time Max saw her different kinds of little tricks, he would be enchanted.

Max had suspected several times that Emily was not a virgin, but the blood was real.

And the compactness was very good.

Emily was so angry that she wanted to go berserk. This was blatantly denying her.

Trevon added fuel to the fire. "Your grandpa is right. A wife is different from a girlfriend. There is one among the Wilson family's rules. No one is allowed to marry the daughter of a mistress. I hope you remember this."

Upon hearing that, Emily's spoon fell onto the table with a bang, causing everyone at the table to turn to look at her.

Max turned around with a confused look and asked Emily, whose face was getting paler, "Why can't you hold your spoon when you are eating?"

This meal brought Emily a hard time. Emily was uneasy, and she simply bluffed her way through with Max and the others of the Wilson family, saying that she was a burden.

Emily planned to go home and tell her mother that they couldn't say she was Harry's biological daughter in public.

In addition, Emily had to make Mia speed up.

Natalie, who had just finished her meal, was coming out of the restroom when she bumped into Emily, who had gone into the restroom to touch up her makeup.

They met.

Natalie did not want to talk to Emily at all. Natalie lifted her feet and walked out. The woman's voice came from behind. "Natalie, there will be a banquet held by the Foster family on the second, the next month. Dad wants you to go back."

Natalie still didn't bother to say a word. She took another step forward. The woman behind Natalie panicked. "If you don't go back, I'll burn all your mother's things."

These words successfully aroused Natalie's desire to leave. Seeing that Natalie had stopped, Emily was very happy. As expected, the thing that controlled Natalie was still that dead bitch.

Natalie's eyes were filled with killing intent. She walked toward Emily step by step and pinched her chin with one hand. "Tell me clearly. What my mother has is in the Foster family? If you dare to destroy it, believe it or not, I'll destroy you."

Natalie's eyes were filled with ruthlessness and hatred.

Emily's chin was so painful that tears welled up in her eyes. "Let go of me first."

Natalie threw Emily onto the tiles of the toilet. Emily's waist suddenly hurt. "If you don't come on the second, I'll burn your things. Why wouldn't I dare?" Emily raised her head stubbornly.

Natalie knew that Emily wouldn't give her mother's things to her even if she asked for it now. Emily just wanted Natalie to go to the Foster family to embarrass her. Natalie wanted to see what kind of show they had prepared for her.

Natalie changed her cold and ruthless expression and looked at Emily with a faint smile. "You want me to go so badly? Then I can only accept your kindness. It's good that you're not afraid that I'll cause trouble." As soon as Natalie finished speaking, she washed her hands again, as if she despised Emily for being very dirty.

Natalie twisted her slender waist and walked away with her head held high.

Emily was so angry that she stomped on the ground.

Emily kept scolding the bitch. She wanted to threaten Natalie, but Natalie bullied her.

Apart from Trevon and his family, everyone else left at night.

Carlos had his own courtyard, which was quite a distance away.

Laughter came from the study. Rachel carried the soup in and saw Theo and Natalie laughing loudly. It was very heartwarming. It had been a long time since Rachel had seen Theo laugh so happily.

It seemed that Theo really liked this young lady.

"Grandpa, you can't go back to your words. I've already given you a move. You can't back out this time."

"Natalie, I'm too old to see clearly. I saw wrongly."

"Grandpa, don't be like this. It's all excuses. Do you understand?" Natalie often played chess with Barron. Now that she was engrossed, the atmosphere was very familiar, and she relaxed much.

Rachel came from a big family and was not allowed to be impolite. As soon as she entered, she heard Natalie being so rude. Rachel frowned and said, "Natalie, watch your words. You're being impolite."

Realizing that she said something wrong, Natalie immediately sat down properly. "Got it, Mrs. Rachel. I'm sorry, Mr. Theo. I was a little too happy."

Theo liked Natalie's personality very much. She was not pretentious and was not afraid of him. She would not pretend to flatter him either. They were especially comfortable with each other. However, when they were happy, Rachel came in and interrupted them.

However, other than strictly following the family rules, Rachel was very outstanding in other aspects. Theo could only remind her gently, "It's fine. Rachel, young people are lively. Don't dampen their nature."

"Dad, don't spoil her too much. Or she will make a fool of herself. Theo even usually didn't spoil his grandsons so much.

Theo smiled lovingly and looked at Natalie. Natalie stuck out her tongue mischievously.

"This soup was just cooked by Mary. Go to the kitchen later and bring a bowl for Trevon to drink."

“Alright, Mom, I understand.”

Rachel was still a little worried about Natalie. She really had to train Natalie’s behavior.

After being kept by Theo for three rounds, Natalie did not agree to continue. She said that as a doctor, Theo needed to rest. In the end, Theo could only let Natalie go with her excuse that she would be working early

tomorrow.

They agreed to continue playing chess next time.

Natalie was a little hungry. She remembered that Rachel had said that there was soup. Natalie immediately went to the kitchen to scoop a bowl. of it and ate it before going upstairs. She had completely forgotten that Rachel had said that she would help Trevon scoop a bowl.

Natalie pushed open the master bedroom of Trevon and realized a very serious problem. His room was so big, but why didn’t he have a sofa? There was only a bed, and there wasn’t even a chair.

If it were a few days ago, Natalie could sleep on the ground. But could it be that she really had to sleep on the ground in this cold winter?

“What are you thinking about? Where’s my soup?” Trevon looked at the empty-handed woman. Rachel had just told Trevon that Natalie would bring him soup.

Therefore, Natalie had forgotten about it after eating.

Natalie had indeed forgotten. She scratched her head in embarrassment. “How about waiting for a while? I’ll help you get a bowl now.” After all, Trevon had helped her tonight.

“There’s no need. I don’t like sweet food. Go take a shower and go to bed. It’s already eleven o’clock. You still have to go to work tomorrow.”

Natalie did not move. She did not know how to start. “How do I sleep tonight? Do you still have a blanket in the cabinet? Why don’t I sleep on the floor, and you sleep on the bed?” Natalie could not let the dignified Mr. Wilson sleep on the floor.

Trevon’s voice instantly turned cold. “No.”

Natalie raised her beautiful eyes in confusion. “No? How could that be? You don’t have any extra blankets in such a big house?”

“How many blankets do you think I need to cover myself with alone? Do you think the servants need to put so many blankets in the rooms to sell?”

Natalie was stunned for a moment. She was speechless. Was Natalie really going bankrupt? There was even no extra blanket.

“Don’t worry. I’m not even interested, even if you are naked. Besides, you’re wearing the clothes. What are you afraid of? Or perhaps you’re afraid that you won’t be able to hold it in.”

“Of course not! I will go take a shower and sleep.” Natalie wasn’t afraid at all. It was just sleeping on the same bed.

[Chapter 48](#)

Natalie came out after the shower.

Natalie saw that the man was already sitting on the bed and reading a book in a refined and noble manner. His golden-framed glasses shone brightly under the light.

It added a refined aura to Trevon. When one was handsome, anything could be the best accessory.

After Natalie was stunned for a few seconds, Trevon, who noticed the woman’s gaze, calmly sat on the bed and continued to pretend.

Natalie scratched the back of her ear and clenched her fists as if gathering her courage. She walked to the bed and gently lifted the blanket.

Natalie was not sleepy at all. She could not lie down and pretend to be asleep, right? The atmosphere was a little awkward and oppressive.

Natalie wanted to find something to do. She took out her phone and opened her collection of suture videos and surgery videos. Natalie did as she thought of it. Thinking that Trevon probably didn’t like watching such a bloody scene, Natalie put on her Bluetooth headset.

Once Natalie saw this kind of video, she would be very serious and engrossed. She would carefully observe every point and action.

Natalie looked at the video. She completely forgot the awkward atmosphere of the two of them sitting together under the blanket and did not notice that the man’s gaze had shifted from the moment she turned on the video to her phone screen.

However, Natalie could hear the sound, but Trevon could not.

The man couldn’t help but wonder why a woman liked to watch such bloody dissections before bed. “Does it look good?”

Natalie was so engrossed in watching that she was still fantasizing about practicing that move next time. She didn’t notice that something was wrong. “Yes, it looks good. Look at this hand speed...” She immediately raised her head when she realized that something was wrong. The top of her head hit the man’s chin, causing him to frown in pain.

Trevon was in so much pain that he raised his voice. “Natalie, you’re murdering your husband. You did it on purpose, right?”

Natalie said timidly, “I’m sorry. I didn’t know you were over my head. I thought you were reading.”

Why was this person not reading books and watching her videos?

“So you think it’s my fault!” Trevon rolled his eyes at Natalie. What a heartless woman.

Natalie muttered softly, “It was.”

Natalie's words were muffled. Trevon rubbed his chin and didn't hear her. "What did you say? Louder."

Natalie lied. "No. I said I was sorry. Look up, and I'll take a look at it for you."

This time, Trevon listened to Natalie's instructions obediently and slowly raised his head for her to examine.

Natalie gently lifted Trevon's chin with one hand and slowly touched the place where he had been hit with the other. It seemed to be a little bruised, but he was fine.

Finishing the checkup, Natalie stared at Trevon with bright eyes and asked, "It's a little bruised. I'll get some ice for you to apply."

Trevon rejected Natalie coldly. "Natalie, it's winter now. Are you asking me to apply some ice? Do you want to freeze me to death?"

Natalie was stunned for a moment. Trevon was so difficult to serve.

It was Natalie's fault, and she had no choice but to take care of Trevon. This was the first time she realized that this man, who had always been refined and noble, was a little shameless and difficult to deal with.

"Lie down, and I'll rub it for you. There's ointment in Adare Manor. I didn't massage the bruise for you here. It might hurt a little. Bear with it."

Trevon raised his head slightly. Her petite hand was gently pinching his chin and rubbing it again and again. It did hurt a little.

The fluctuation of her body and impatience surpassed the pain in his chin. Trevon lowered his eyes and looked at this serious woman.

Trevon's gaze wandered across her face. Natalie's eyes were like the sea of stars, moving down to her slender neck and then to the part of her chest

that protruded out, making one's imagination run wild.

Their faces were only a few inches apart. Trevon could touch her if he lowered his head slightly. The warm breath she exhaled landed on his face, stimulating his skin inch by inch.

Trevon's Adam's apple couldn't help but move once more. His gaze once again turned to her tender lips, and he unconsciously averted his gaze. He turned his head away and didn't let her massage it anymore. His voice was hoarse as he said, "Alright, go to sleep. I'll go out for a while."

The man quickly lifted the blanket and got out of bed. He put on a jacket and took the cigarette and lighter from the bedside.

When Natalie saw his cigarette, she remembered that he had not smoked much since he moved into Adare Manor. It was amazing.

Natalie continued to watch the dissection video.

A moment later, Natalie was about to lie down when Trevon came in from the balcony outside, bringing in a cold aura.

Natalie thought that Trevon was going to bed, so she consciously went to sleep beside the bed. However, the man went straight to the bathroom. After a while, the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Was this person a clean freak? Didn't he just take a shower? Did he have to take a shower again after smoking?

Even if the water bill was free, he couldn't take a shower so frequently.

Rich people were so picky.

Natalie did not think too much about it. Firstly, she was careless and felt that Trevon did not have any thoughts about her. Secondly, she was still a little tired from yesterday's heavy work and fell asleep in a short while.

However, Natalie slept very close to the side of the bed and even placed a sweater in the middle. It was not to guard against Trevon but because she was afraid that she would cross the line and make him unhappy.

After coming out of the shower, the man lifted the blanket and lay down. He felt something uncomfortable under the blanket.

The moment Trevon lifted the blanket and saw the sweater again, his face darkened.

The same thing was viewed differently in the eyes of different people.

Different thoughts and perspectives resulted in different outcomes.

At this moment, Trevon thought that the reason Natalie placed such a piece of clothing was to guard against him.

Angrily, Trevon threw the clothes out of the blanket and onto the floor.

Trevon realized that the woman was already asleep. She was breathing evenly, and her back was facing him.

Trevon carefully reached out and hugged her from behind. Perhaps it was the coldness that made her scoff in her sleep.

It landed on Trevon's heart like a drumstick, beating again and again.

"Is it cold?" Trevon's tone was naturally gentler. The moment Trevon hugged her, the sweater was no longer important.

"Yes." In her sleep, Natalie had no idea that she was being carried. She had always been very in a deep sleep.

"It'll be warm in a while." As Trevon spoke, he buried his head in her neck.

Natalie's sleeping posture was very good, but there was a flaw. After falling asleep at night, she would always turn around like a pancake, and then turn around again. At this moment, she turned around and found the source of the heat to throw herself into Trevon's arms.

It was already two in the morning. As sober as Trevon was, he was not sleepy at all. He watched the woman's every move on the bed tirelessly. At this moment, Trevon was hugging and watching her as if she was a

treasure.

"How many times do you have to flip through tonight?" After a while, Trevon carried her into dreamland.

The next day, Natalie was woken up by the bedside alarm clock.

She closed her eyes and reached for her phone in a half-awake state. However, she touched something different.

Realizing that something was wrong, Natalie immediately opened her eyes. The man's handsome face met her bright eyes in the morning, and his facial features were magnified.

Natalie had crossed the line last night. Why was she in his arms? The man in the morning was not cold at all. Instead, he looked lazier and quieter. Natalie had the urge to touch him with her fingers.

But in the end, her rationality overcame her impulse.

Natalie was about to gently withdraw from his embrace and slowly pry open his large hands that were locked around her waist.

A lazy and hoarse voice came from above. "Be good. Don't move. Let me sleep for a while more."

Natalie was stunned for a while. "Damn, Trevon, are you still dreaming? Do you know you are hugging me?"

This person must be in a daze from sleeping. He probably treated her as a pillow.

"Mr. Wilson, I'm going to be late for work."

Trevon half-opened his eyes and let go of one hand to reach for his phone. It was seven o'clock.

"Lie down for another half an hour. I'll drive you." He put his hand on her waist again.

This made the impatient Natalie so anxious that she wanted to kick Trevon down.

With the last of her patience, Natalie whispered, "Mr. Wilson, I'm really going to be late. I work at eight. This is a long way from the hospital, even farther than Adare Manor." She was afraid of being late, but she didn't say the last part.

After saying this, the man reluctantly let go of her waist. He sat up and prepared to get up.

"I'll drive you."

"No, you can go back to sleep. I'll take a taxi."

“You can’t take a taxi even in Adare Manor. Do you think you can here? I told you to buy a car, but you didn’t,” This tone sounded like Trevon complaining about how troublesome Natalie was.

The other meaning was that Trevon didn’t want to give it to her.

“Mr. Wilson, you don’t need to send me. I’ll get Grandpa to send a driver to send me.”

“How dare you disturb Grandpa at this time? Did you get your doctor’s license by yourself?”

Early in the morning, Natalie felt like she was in a bad mood. This person was quite difficult to get along with.

Natalie would be angered to death by his doubts so early in the morning.

Besides, she wasn’t sure if she had thrown herself into his arms last night. Otherwise, she would have scolded him to death.

After that, Natalie did not want to talk nonsense with him anymore and went straight into the bathroom to take a shower. However, she did not know what to do with the clothes she had changed out of. Should she bring them back to Adare Manor, or what should she do? The pajamas were prepared for her by Mary from the Wilson’s residence yesterday, and so were the new clothes she was wearing.

Noticing Natalie’s dilemma, the man who was washing up at the side said, “Throw the pajamas to the bucket. Mary will come in to clean up after we leave.”

“Okay.” This person could read minds.

The two of them washed up and walked down the stairs one after another. Theo immediately smiled. “Natalie, are you going to go to work?”

Natalie walked quickly and smiled politely. “Yes, Mr. Theo. I have to go, or I’ll be late. Can you ask a driver to send me?”

Natalie was speechless. Theo even woke up earlier than them.

The man who was still adjusting his sleeves at the staircase paused, and his face instantly turned cold.

Just as he was about to speak, Theo glanced at Trevon and said happily, “Of course. Gage, quickly get a driver to send Natalie to the hospital. Mary, go to the kitchen to pack some breakfast for Natalie to bring over.”

Mary was very efficient. “I’ve already packed the breakfast up for you, Mrs. Wilson.”

“Thank you, Mary. Mr. Theo, I’ll take my leave then. Bye.”

The man watched the woman leave and pursed his lips without saying anything.

Meanwhile, Theo smiled when he saw this scene.

[Chapter 49](#)

After Natalie left, Trevon was not in a good mood.

It was already past three in the morning when Trevon felt a little sleepy. He hugged her and fell asleep in a daze. Now that he woke up at seven, he only had four hours of sleep.

Trevon propped himself up and wanted to send Natalie to the hospital, but she didn't appreciate it at all. At the thought of this, Trevon remembered the sweater from last night.

It was also because Natalie was in a hurry to go to work in the morning that Mary had prepared a new set of clothes for her last night. Otherwise, Natalie would definitely have found her clothes lying on the floor.

This woman was constantly drawing a line between herself and Trevon.

Trevon's eyes were cold as he tidied his already meticulous suit and prepared to leave the Wilson's residence.

Theo could tell that Trevon was unhappy. He was secretly delighted. "How about having breakfast with me? Why are you standing there like a statue?"

Reluctantly, Trevon followed Theo into the dining room.

Theo picked up the bowl and took a sip of nutritional soup. Then, he picked up another hotdog and ate it slowly. Theo had no intention of saying anything to Trevon.

Trevon, on the other hand, ate tastelessly. After drinking a bowl of soup, he stopped eating.

Theo was in a good mood when he woke up early. He ate slowly. It was unusually delicious. After eating, he crossed his arms and leaned against the back of the chair. He looked at Trevon and said, "Tell me what your thoughts are now. Your marriage deadline with Natalie is about to expire. There are less than two months left, right?"

Trevon pursed his lips and remained silent.

Theo looked at his silent grandson and ignored his feelings. Theo continued, "I have thought it through. Since your marriage deadline is about to end and the two of you haven't cultivated any feelings for each other, as your mother said, a marriage without feelings is the grave of

love. Besides, it's cold. So when your contract expires, and you want to

get a divorce, I won't stop you. After all, feelings can't be forced. Probably, you are not a good match."

Trevon couldn't help but roll his eyes. Then why didn't Theo listen when he told him that they were not a good match?

Seeing that Trevon continued to remain silent, Theo felt even happier. "Before Barron died, he entrusted me with protecting Natalie for the rest of her life. I definitely have to fulfill my promise to him. Moreover, our entire family has to keep this promise. Even if I die, you still have to fulfill it. Therefore, I've thought about it again and again. After your divorce, Natalie will be alone. I can't let Barron down. I plan to wait for your divorce in two months and hold a banquet to let Natalie become one member of our family as my granddaughter."

This sentence successfully aroused the silent Trevon. It was as if someone had thrown a stone into a calm lake. Trevon suddenly raised his head and carefully observed the expression of Theo. "Grandpa, are you serious?"

Theo had a serious expression on his face. "What do you think? I'm already planning to hold a banquet to take her as my granddaughter. Do you think I'm joking?"

Theo interrupted Trevon, who was about to say something. "Don't think that I'm using this method to provoke you. Let me tell you. I've already discussed this with Gage the day Barron passed away."

Trevon objected. "Grandpa, do you think it's appropriate for her to be your granddaughter?"

Theo lied in all seriousness, "What's inappropriate about it? It's a secret marriage between you two. No one knows that you're husband and wife. After your divorce, Natalie will be my granddaughter. The quality of the husband I choose for her is comparable to yours. Don't think that just because you don't like her or anyone else, no one would like her. Perhaps after the divorce, the people who were wooing her could circle around Athana. With my granddaughter's qualifications, she can be with any high-quality man."

Trevon had never been so passive before. He was rendered speechless and could not find any reason to refute.

Gage, who was standing at the side serving them, added firewood and hurriedly said, "Yes, Mr. Trevon. After Barron passed away that night, Mr.

Theo went to pay his respects. At that time, there were only Mrs. Natalie and two servants. The scene was very cold. Seeing Mrs. Natalie alone. made our hearts ache, so that night, Mr. Theo made this decision. He had long planned to acknowledge Mrs. Natalie as his granddaughter."

Speaking of that night, Trevon recalled that his grandfather had called him. What did Trevon say at that time? In any case, Trevon had rejected Theo quite bluntly. He did not even go to the funeral the next day. Theo had asked Trevon to pick up Natalie. He had sent Jim to go.

Back then, Trevon wholeheartedly believed that Natalie was a scheming woman.

No matter how Trevon looked at her, it was an eyesore.

Theo sighed and said, "That's right. Natalie was taught very well by Barron. She's kind and not greedy. Moreover, she has good morals. For example, when I asked her to play chess with me yesterday, ordinary girls would come up to me and suck up to me. However, she didn't even let me repent and even lectured me."

This sentence successfully made Gage smile. "Mr. Theo, how many times did you cheat yesterday? You deliberately probed Mrs. Natalie!"

Theo patted the butler beside him. "You're smart. I was trying to see if Natalie would turn a blind eye, suck up to me, or if she was loyal. However, I didn't expect Natalie to be so stubborn and directly expose me."

Trevon was extremely annoyed by their words. He picked up the phone. on the table and stood up. "Grandpa, I'm going to the company."

This time, Theo did not stop Trevon and shook his head helplessly.

Looking at Trevon's back, Theo sighed again. "This child is outstanding in everything, but his EQ is lacking. He doesn't understand. He always feels that he can control everything and doesn't allow others to control him. His personality is too domineering. If he misses this opportunity, where can he find a good wife like Natalie?"

Gage agreed with this point. "Mr. Theo, you have a discerning eye. Take it slow. Mr. Trevon will understand. Weren't you helping him just now? I think Mr. Trevon is interested in Mrs. Natalie."

After Natalie left, Trevon's expression turned gloomy.

Theo couldn't stop smiling. "You are so cunning. Nothing can escape

At the entrance to the Athana Hospital.

The two of them met at the entrance. However, Natalie got out of the Wilson's residence's car, and Sherri got out of the Landor family's car.

The two of them looked at each other's car. Natalie knew what Sherri was going to say. "Stop. I'll confess myself. You don't have to imagine."

"That's more like it. Have you had breakfast yet? You still have 21 minutes." Sherri raised her arm and glanced at her white watch.

"Yes, I ate it in the car. It was prepared by Mr. Wilson. You don't have to look at me with such suspicion. It's exactly what you think."

Sherri followed Natalie as she saw that Natalie was going to the office. Sherri pulled Natalie back and pulled her to the cafeteria. "Come and have breakfast with me."

"Have you fired your nanny?" Sherri had to come to the hospital every day to eat or let Natalie take the breakfast for her.

"I have been eating my nanny's cooking since I was young. I'm tired of her food. I want to change my taste every now and then."

"You're so picky."

"Alright. I am picky, but so what?" Sherri ordered the signature breakfast in the hospital cafeteria and pulled Natalie to sit down. As Sherri ate, she raised her chin and gestured for Natalie to start.

"Last night, Mr. Wilson asked me to stay at the old residence. I was too embarrassed to refuse. Coupled with the fact that Trevon helped me that night, I agreed. Then, in the morning, the Wilson family's driver sent me over. That's all."

Sherri was still unsatisfied. "That's all? Natalie, are you joking? The two of you stayed in separate rooms at the Wilson's residence last night?"

Natalie did not believe that they could sleep in separate rooms when they stayed over at the Wilson family. If they did, the others would definitely laugh at Trevon.

"That's not it. We slept on the same bed, but we did nothing. You don't have to imagine the rest."

"You're not joking, right? Are the two of you really adults? One is a

handsome man, and the other is a beautiful woman. Don't tell me that when you slept in the same bed, you chatted with the ceiling at night? Are the two of you sure you're healthy? Do you want to check if there's any hidden illness in the afternoon?"

Natalie threw the tissue beside her hand at Sherri and glared at Sherri. "You're the one who's sick. I told you long ago that he's not interested in me. Moreover, he personally said that he was not interested in me the day before yesterday." Natalie enunciated the last sentence word by word, afraid that Sherri could not hear her clearly.

"Tsk. Is Mr. Wilson blind? Or does he like men? He was so calm when such a beautiful woman was lying beside him. I have reason to suspect that he likes men."

Natalie gave Sherri a thumbs up. "You're right. Please eat quickly. We're going to be late."

[Chapter 50](#)

Sherri entered the elevator with Natalie after breakfast. "Natalie, what about you? How do you feel after a month of contact? Are you just a little tempted by him?"

Natalie knew what Sherri was asking about. However, from the moment Trevon repeatedly reminded her that he was not interested, Natalie woke up again.

Natalie didn't expect to continue this marriage.

The difference between Natalie and Trevon was like the difference between heaven and earth. Trevon would always be high and mighty, shining brightly. Even if he stood there without saying anything, he would be a god-like existence.

This morning, Trevon must have accidentally placed his hand on her. If he was awake, he probably wouldn't have done that.

"We're not the same kind of people. In the end, we'll only get a divorce." It was better to cut losses in time.

Sherri said nothing more and changed the subject. "Did you meet that nympho last night?"

Nympho was the name given to Emily by Sherri. Emily's biological mother was a mistress, and Emily had such potential.

"She was here last night. Max seems to like her quite a lot, but Carlos doesn't like her very much. In front of Emily, he even asked Mr. Wilson to introduce a girlfriend to Max. He said in front of the entire family that a girlfriend and a wife were different. He even found fault with me for a while, but he was rendered speechless by Mrs. Rachel. He was probably furious after having a hard time for the entire night."

Sherri smiled happily. She felt that there was something wrong with the nympho's brain. She wanted to find trouble for Natalie in the Wilson family. Even if Rachel did not like Natalie, it was not for an outsider like Emily to judge.

Emily actually went to show off in front of them when she didn't know Rachel's personality. Sherri really wanted to pay for her craniotomy.

Who gave Emily the courage to court death?

Natalie thought for a moment and told Sherri in the end, "Also, Harry asked me to go to the Foster family on the second of the month. He said that my mother's belongings are in the Foster family. If I don't go, they will destroy them."

At that, Sherri was angry immediately. "Fuck, what are they trying to do? Natalie, you can't go. Let me tell you. They must be up to no good. They're just waiting for you to go. There must be a conspiracy inside."

"I've already agreed. If I don't go, I'm afraid that there will really be my mother's things. You know that my mother didn't leave much behind. When I asked Harry, he said that he threw them all away."

Natalie could guess that Elena would not allow Natalie's mother's things to remain by Harry's side after they got married. Therefore, when Harry said that they were thrown away, Natalie believed it. However, now that they said that there was still something left, Natalie was still skeptical. However, Natalie did not want to miss it. What if...

"Fine. If you want to go, I'll go with you. I won't let you go alone. That family is scheming. They can tear your bones apart and eat you."

That made sense. Barron's assets were all under Natalie's name. The entire family would hate her, an outsider, so badly.

"Got it. You will accompany me to go. Miss Landor, could we go to work now? There are still a few days left. It's only the 27th today.

The two of them chatted for a while before going to work.

Nineteen days to the New Year.

Trevon had locked himself in his office to smoke in the morning. He was almost done smoking a pack now. The office was filled with smoke, and his clear outline could no longer be seen.

Jim walked into the office and almost choked to death. He took a deep breath, and the second-hand smoke entered his lungs. He coughed repeatedly. "Mr. Wilson, how much did you smoke?"

Jim thought Trevon almost smoked himself to death. The amount of smoke was too scary.

"Half a packet." A sound came from somewhere in the smoke.

Jim even suspected that Trevon wanted to spontaneously combust in his office and ascend to immortality.

Jim followed the voice and approached the man. "Let me open the window for you."

Trevon didn't say anything. Jim took it that Trevon agreed and went straight to open the window.

Jim didn't want the next day's news to be Trevon Wilson of the Wilson Group smoked to his death.

"Let's go Lither Club."

"Ah? But there's a meeting later," Jim reminded carefully.

In the morning, the entire office was filled with dark clouds. No one dared to breathe loudly. Even the new secretaries were quiet and serious, afraid of offending Trevon.

Trevon ignored Jim's words and stood up. He tidied his clothes and left the office. Jim followed him with a bitter smile.

However, Jim shouted in his heart, "Who can save him?"

As usual, the car headed toward Lither Club in a low-pressure.

The moment they reached Lither Club, Jim was very happy. He could finally sit in the car and catch his breath.

The high-pressure environment almost suffocated Jim to death.

The moment Trevon got out of the car and walked into Lither Club, Jim took out his phone and sent a message to Natalie.

When Trevon walked into Lither Club's office, Frank leaned back in his chair and pretended to be asleep.

"Sell your helmet to me." Trevon sat down naturally on the sofa.

Frank opened his suspicious and expected eyes.

Frank pretended not to know what Trevon meant. "Which helmet are you talking about? I have more than one in my room."

"She took it the last time." Trevon lowered his eyes and poured himself a cup of coffee. He had smoked too many cigarettes in the morning, and his mouth felt very uncomfortable.

"Oh? That one? Why?"

"What?"

"Why do you suddenly want to buy it? I obtained this through means. You can take it, but you have to give me a reason."

"There's no reason. I'm just giving it to someone." Trevon didn't even know why he suddenly came here to buy this helmet. He just wanted to buy it for her.

There was no reason.

"I can pay you double." Trevon doubled the price.

“Trevon, do you think I’m short of money? Even if I’m short of money, I won’t earn from you.” Frank wanted to let Trevon know his heart and understand why he wanted to buy it.

“We’re getting a divorce. I want to give her a present.”

“You’re really a good ex–husband. Alright, I’ll give it to you.” After saying that, Frank went to the boxing club to get the helmet that Natalie loved so much last time. Similarly, this helmet was also Frank’s favorite.

Frank had no choice. Between a friend and a helmet, he would always choose his friend determinedly.

Frank owed Trevon more than just a helmet.

The title of ex–husband pierced a nerve in Trevon, and he became even more flustered.

After a while, Frank took out a cool helmet and handed it to Trevon. Frank was reluctant to part with it. With a cold expression, Frank said, “Yes, here you go. Take good care of it.”

Trevon glanced at the thing in his hand. It was indeed beautiful. “Is this it?”

This woman’s hobby was indeed special.

“Yes,

your wife has good taste. She chose the most expensive one in the entire club.” The title of wife made Trevon’s heart explode.

The corners of Trevon’s lips subconsciously curled up. “Thank you. How much is it? I’ll transfer it to you.”

“If you really want to transfer, how about 20 million dollars? It’s to show your sincerity.”

“Okay, I have transferred it to you.” Trevon fiddled with his phone and

quickly finished. On the other end, Frank’s phone received a notification. from the bank.

“Your account bank revenue is 20 million dollars. Please check.”

Frank poked his cheek with his tongue. It was interesting. It was rare for Trevon to be like that. It seemed like there was a chance.

This profiteer actually bought it without discussing the price at all. It was very clear what it meant.

“Alright, we’re even. Do you want to eat together?”

“No, I still have a meeting.” Trevon took what he wanted and left without stopping.

When Trevon got into the car, he instructed Jim, “Send this helmet to at professional shop to wrap it up and place it at Adare Manor.”

“Isn’t this the helmet Mrs. Wilson...” Wasn’t this the helmet Natalie liked? Was Trevon buying this to give to Natalie?

Trevon had angered Natalie. So, was he buying gifts to coax her? Was he going to start wooing Natalie?

“You have been talking too much recently. Do you want to go to Southland to accompany Terrell?”

“No, Mr. Wilson. I’ll go right away. I’ll go to a professional shop to pack it now.” Trevon was quite a fickle man. Jin couldn’t even ask. Trevon cared about Natalie, yet he still pretended to be cold.

But Terrell suited Terrell the most.